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"Her mother followed softly, and, through the nearly closed door, saw her kneel down by the same chair with her brother." Page. 25.

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MEMOIR

OF

MARY LOTHROP,

WHO DIED IN BOSTON, MARCH 18TH, 1831, AGED SIX YEARS AND THREE MONTHS.

"Out of the mouth of babes—thou hast perfected praise."

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INTRODUCTION.

This Memoir has been prepared for the purpose of adding another to the ght pictures, set before children to re them into the paths of piety, nd before parents to encourage and stimulate them in the religious education of their children. The writer aims, also, to erect a monument, though humble, to the condescending goodness of God, whose grace was so remarkably exhibited in this child. Nothing of course has been admitted, which she did not herself regard as strictly true; and it is believed that

persons most acquainted with the subject of the Memoir, will be the least likely to think the account exaggerated. Indeed several of those, after reading the entire Memoir in manuscript, have given it their cordial sanction.

A clerical friend, after having attentively perused the work, submitted the following remarks.

"Long continued pain, when it does not prostrate the mental faculties, frequently promotes their development. Such was probably its influence in the present case. The unwearied religious instructions of the mother, should also be particularly noticed. But much, very much, must doubtless be referred to the illuminations and excitements of the Spirit of God. And we may ask, too, are not the grand doctrines of the gospel, though the most sublime in the world, among those which are most adapted to the capacities of the young? Like the fundamental laws of

nature, though many of their relations require study and effort to comprehend them, they are themselves simple and plain.

"Children can very early be made to understand, that God is holy, just, and good. They can early understand the law of God, requiring them to love its Author with all the heart, soul and strength, and their neighbor as themselves. They can understand that sin is a transgression of the law. They can understand what it is to be a sinner, and that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' They can understand that Christ died for sinners; that he lives to intercede for them; and that he is able and willing to save all who love him and trust in him. They can understand that the Holy Spirit helps sinners to forsake their sins, and trust in Christ, and overcome the temptations of this wicked world. They can understand the difference between heaven and hell, and can feel a great power of motive pressing on them to make heaven sure before they die.

"These things we should begin to teach our children in the very dawn of their reason; using the simple manner of the Scriptures, unincumbered with the technical language of our systems of divinity; and accompanying our instructions by frequent prayer, not only for our young pupils, but with them: nor should we forget, for a moment, the indispensable necessity of so living, that our conduct shall exemplify and enforce the doctrines and duties we inculcate. With an attentive child, and the teachings of the Holy Spirit, enough of the gospel may in this way be infused into the mind, at a very tender age, to serve as a basis for an exalted Christian experience: and it is strange that parents, and Sabbath school teachers, and the church of God, should have been so backward to expect and credit the evidences of piety in children. No where on earth is there a better soil, when properly cultivated, for the genuine fruits of the Spirit, than in the minds of young children."

Soon after the writer commenced her task, a note was addressed to her by a lady, a much esteemed friend, part of which it is thought proper to insert.

"It gave me pleasure, my dear Mrs. ——, to learn that you were preparing a Memoir of the interesting Mary, at whose couch we so frequently met during the last months of her illness, and exchanged looks of delighted surprise while hearing the gracious words she uttered. Though you were not alone in your affectionate concern for the little sufferer, your visits were more frequent and protracted than those of others; so that you possess the greatest power of recalling and arranging, with the help of her dear mother, the facts exhibiting the feelings of her heart.

"That something should be written, I have thought very important; not doubting that the result would be a saving influence on the minds of children, and honor to Him by

whose Spirit her soul was so prepared for heaven.

"You, my dear Mrs. ——, were an eye-witness of her expressive looks, telling more forcibly than words, that her very heart received the truths of the gospel, while it glowed with love to their divine Author. Indeed her piety was more discriminating and spiritual, and more mature, than I ever saw in any other child.

"I have no desire to eulogize her; she is now, doubtless, a happy spirit in heaven where she ardently longed to be, and with that blessed Saviour whom she supremely loved: but I earnestly desire that the power of divine grace may be known, and its beautiful operations on the mind of a little child exhibited, so that many other children may be induced to yield their hearts to the same happy influences, and like her be joyful when sick and dying, in the prospect of dwelling forever with Christ in heaven."

The Rev. Howard Malcom, pastor of the Fourth Baptist church in Boston, of which Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop are members, has kindly written the following testimonial, to be prefixed to the Memoir.

"It gives me pleasure to say, that this Memoir has been read to me in manuscript, and that, so far as my knowledge extends, nothing is exaggerated, or too highly colored.

"I consider her history, though very brief compared with what it might easily have been made, an important acquisition to the cause of goodness, not only for its adaptedness to the instruction and conviction of the young, but as an encouragement and stimulus to Christian parents.

"In one respect this narrative transcends in value almost all others of a similar kind. Instead of disclosing symptoms of piety only towards death, or in a last sickness, this dear

child furnished the far more satisfactory exhibition of piety without the excitement of approaching death. After the sickness in which her piety became obvious, she enjoyed several months of tolerable health, and seemed to have recovered from the disease which threatened her removal. It was then that I, who had before hesitated, became fully convinced of her real change of heart. Then, amid the amusements and temptations of childhood, her deportment was even more interesting than in the chamber of sickness, and we had the sweet satisfaction of seeing her faith proved by her works. Then, as well as in her subsequent long confinement, she showed a fear of offending God, a regard for the Sabbath, a filial dutifulness, a meekness under injuries, a love of souls, a preference for Christian company, and a spirit of prayer; which, with other evidences of piety, will be discovered in the Memoir, and which, though the *period* of her conversion is not distinctly marked, make the *fact* of it uncommonly clear.

"I commend this book to the Christian public with a happy confidence, that, wherever it is read, the effect will be salutary on persons of every age.

HOWARD MALCOM.

"*Boston, Dec.* 5, 1831."

It is hoped, that the grace of God, which was so richly manifested in little Mary, will bless this memorial of her life and character to many children and youth.

Boston, January, 1832.

MEMOIR

OF

MARY LOTHROP.

CHAPTER I.

Mary Lothrop was born in Boston, Dec. 13th, 1824. She had pious parents, who prayed for her daily, and desired, more than all things else, that she might be prepared for heaven. They also prayed with her, and took great pains to teach her to pray.

As the health of little Mary was always delicate, she had, perhaps, more of her mother's attention, than children usually have; she loved to sit by her side, and was very happy when her mother could talk with her and instruct her. And as she was so fond of being taught, her mother took great pleasure in teaching her. In this way Mary gained

much knowledge, and learned to think and act for herself when very young. She also learned to wait upon her mother, and do many little things for her comfort, and thus was made happier by being useful.

When Mrs. L. first began to tell Mary about God, she chose the most simple and attractive manner. Before the child was two years old, her mother would show her some pretty flowers, and tell her there was a God in heaven who made those flowers; that he was kind and good, and loved little children; and that it was to Him her father and mother prayed. And when it rained, or the wind blew, her mother would tell her that it was the same God who gave us rain, and caused the wind to blow, and that she must love him, and fear him. Mary used to listen to such instruction with much interest, and as soon as she could talk would often say, that she did love God, and desired to be a good child so that she might go to heaven.

Before she was three years old, she was observed to be very still while the Scriptures

were read and prayer was offered in the family, and never seemed disposed to amuse herself in time of prayer; and by her appearance it was evident she attended to what was said. She loved to have the usual seasons of prayer return, that she might hear something of God and heaven.

At one time, when her parents were absent from home at the usual hour for family worship, Mary said to the person who had charge of the family;

'Are *you* not going to pray with us? Wont there be any prayer in this house because father and mother are gone?'

Her questions being evaded, she said, 'Will you not pray for them, that God may take care of them, and bring them safe home again?' And she would not rest satisfied until the promise was made, that her parents should be remembered in prayer.

She early showed a disposition to honor and please her parents in all she did, and it was delightful to witness her cheerful obedience. She did not wait for her father and

mother to tell her she must or must not do such and such things, but she would watch and do that which she thought would be pleasing to them. As Mary grew older, this desire to study the wishes of others became so much a habit of her life, that while it gave great pleasure to all around her, it was a constant source of happiness to herself.

One morning her mother noticed that she was very busy, trying to assist her about her work. After the room was in order, she asked for the brush, tried to brush her hair, and smoothed her apron, and said,

'Do I look neat now, mother?' And as if in haste said, 'May I have the Bible, and will you tell me something to read?'

Her mother was surprised at the request, but as it was her usual time for reading the Scriptures, and as the child could not read, she put the Bible into Mary's hands, and read several verses which were seriously repeated after her. Mary also repeated a hymn, which she had been taught, and then said,

'May *I* pray now?'

After she had tried to pray, she said,

'Is this the way to serve God? Do *you* do so, mother? Did my little sister, who has gone to heaven, do so?'

She had a little sister, who died some time before, and was often spoken of in the family as being in heaven; and Mary had a great desire to do right, that she also might be prepared for that blessed world.

There was a modesty in her appearance, and a propriety in her conduct, which were striking in so young a child; and though she was sprightly and playful, she would not engage in rude or noisy play, or where deception was used. As this was noticed by her companions, they would sometimes lay plans to interest her in their amusements, or tempt her to say something she ought not; but she would appear to be disgusted by their improper conduct, and would leave them and go to her mother; or, if her mother was absent, would prefer to stay alone, rather than do or say what she thought would be wrong. Once, when she was quite young, she remained alone

nearly three hours, because she did not wish to be in the company of those who were in the habit of talking foolishly.

Mary began to attend school in her fourth year. Her first teacher remarked, that she was a quiet and obedient scholar; that she could not recollect her needing reproof, or doing anything wrong; and that she listened with attention to all that was said to her, but was particularly interested in religious instruction.

Another teacher says, "When I first knew little Mary, she was about four years old, and even at that early age, she would often astonish me by the interest she manifested in every thing relating to the subject of religion. She would frequently come to me, and with an animated countenance say, 'Miss G., will you please to read what Jesus said to little children? And will you let me repeat it after you, that I may learn it?' When I had complied with her request, she would ask, 'Will Jesus love little children now, and will he give me a new heart, if I ask him?' I can never forget the

apparent delight with which she entered school one morning, saying, 'You need not read that to me any more, Miss G., for I have learned it now, and can say it myself, and I think about it all the time.' "

For several months, when she was between four and five years old, she appeared to be seeking for a new heart. One morning while in this state of mind, as her father was reading the Scriptures in the family, she stood by his side, and as he read she wept. Her father supposing he might have hurt her by moving his chair, asked her if she did not wish to sit down. She said, 'No, father;' and silently wiped away her tears. In the course of the day, when she was alone with her mother, she said,

'Mother, you thought I was hurt this morning when father was reading, but I was not. I want to know certainly that I have a new heart. Will you read that chapter to me again?'

Her mother said, 'Why do you wish me to read it?'

Mary answered, 'I want to hear more about that heavenly world.'

The chapter she wished to hear read, was the 21st chapter of Revelation. This afterwards became a favorite chapter, and the last part of the last verse a frequent expression in prayer. She often prayed that her own name might be written in 'the Lamb's book of life,' and would implore the same blessing for different members of the family, and for other friends.

She often asked during the day to have the chapter read to her, which had been read in the family at the morning devotions.

CHAPTER II.

In the autumn of 1829, when Mary was nearly five years old, she was afflicted with lingering illness, through which she appeared to be sweetly resigned to the will of God. From that time, she discovered more decidedly than ever before, an aversion to all that was sinful, and a love for every thing of a religious nature, so far as she understood it. She would say to her mother almost every day,

'Dear mother, I want God to make me a good Christian. I want him to take away my wicked heart, and give me a new heart. I want to be like my little sister that has gone to heaven. Oh mother, will you pray for me?'

She was sick many weeks, but recovered so far as to be able to attend school *occasionally* through the winter.

Mary used to pray frequently, and loved to

pray. If any poor person was mentioned as being greatly in want, if any family in the neighborhood was afflicted, or if her own feelings had been injured, or her brothers and sisters did wrong, she would retire to pray. This was her constant habit, and thus she appeared to find relief and peace of mind.

When she awoke in the morning, her first thoughts seemed to rise to her Father in heaven, and she was not willing to leave her chamber, till she had returned thanks for his goodness and implored his blessing upon the day. She usually met her parents with a smile, and often on entering the room repeated the little hymn,

"Good morning, dear Ma', through all the cold night
How sweet I have slept, and how still, and how warm;
My Heavenly Father watched over your child,
And guarded me safe from each danger and harm.

And precious new blessings each moment he gives;
I will love him, and thank him, and bless him each day;
I will beg him to make me his own little child,
And all his commands I will gladly obey."

While repeating the last verse, she would often be affected to tears; and this was not

unfrequently the case when she attempted to pray.

One very cold morning in February, when the children were ready for school, Mary appeared reluctant to go, and with a low voice said,

'Mother, it was so cold, that I did'nt pray up stairs, this morning. May I stay and pray with you?'

Her mother permitted her to remain. She then kneeled and prayed so earnestly, and for so many objects, that her mother was much affected, and felt that her child had been taught by the Spirit of God.

In the winter of 1829, there was frequently the cry of 'Fire' in the city; and while the other children were agitated, fearing that their house might take fire, Mary would express her anxiety for others. At one time when there had been a fire at night, as she was looking out of the window, in the morning, over a range of small low houses, she said,

'Mother, when they cried Fire, last night, I thought there were so many sinners

that didn't love God, I was afraid their houses would get on fire and burn them up, before they learnt the way to heaven, and then they could never go to that happy world. It troubled me so, that I couldn't help crying; and then I tried to pray for them.'

It has already been mentioned that little Mary was very desirous her brothers and sisters should do right. She wished them to be forgiving and mild, like the blessed Saviour, and in this respect was careful to set them a good example. One day her brother younger than herself struck her, and was punished for the offence. She appeared to be grieved, and taking him by the hand, led him out of the room. When she returned, she said, 'Mother, I don't think he will strike me any more;' and her mother found she had been praying with him.

Not many days after this, her brother struck her again. Mary said,

'Dear mother, don't punish him; I think I *can* learn him not to do so again.' And she led him away as before.

Her mother followed softly, and, through the nearly closed door, saw her kneel down by the same chair with her brother, and heard her say,

'O Lord, forgive my little brother, and give him a new heart, that he may not strike me any more; and if he does strike or push me, O Lord, put it into my heart not to strike him, but to say, Don't do so, little brother.'

Once hearing a little girl say that she was provoked, Mary said,

'Don't say *provoked;* say it hurt your feelings. And I will tell you what to do when you are angry. Don't speak; but go right out of the room, and pray to God. That's the way I do.'

The Sabbath was always a pleasant day to Mary. She wished to attend meeting constantly, but feeble health often prevented. If her mother remained at home, she would cheerfully stay; and as soon as the family were gone, would say,

'Now, mother, let us have a meeting. Will you read in the Bible, and pray?' Her

mother would sometimes be attending to her infant, and would not be able to comply with her request immediately; but she would sweetly urge her, saying, 'I will fasten the door, and I can get the Bible. You needn't wait, mother.'

She seemed to regard the Sabbath as the Lord's day, and to wish that *all* the time might be spent in his service. One Sabbath, when her mother was sitting by the window as people were passing to church, Mary came to her, and said,

'Dear mother, don't sit by the window; it don't seem like keeping the Sabbath day holy.'

She attended Sabbath school in Boston only a few times, but had her health allowed, would gladly have attended constantly. While in South Reading a few weeks, the last summer of her life, she went into the Sabbath school frequently, and always remembered it with pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. L. took great pains to teach her children, that next to gratitude to God, they should be grateful to their father for the many comforts they enjoyed. She would tell them, that when they saw him fatigued or depressed, they should think it was his love for them which led him into those cares and perplexities; that it was his desire to send them to school, and to give them every thing which could make them happy; and that they ought to be obedient and grateful, and show their gratitude by being careful of every thing he gave them.

And it was cheering to a mother's heart to observe, that while her other children needed line upon line, and precept upon precept, such instruction to Mary was like a nail fastened in a sure place. She remembered it. And when she had a pair of new shoes, or a

new dress, she would put them up carefully, and say,

'I will take good care of these things, so that father will not have to buy me any more for a great while.'

When she saw that her father's mind was troubled, or her mother had told her he was fatigued, she would not unfrequently retire to pray for him, and has been overheard praying for him in the following manner;

'O Lord, wilt thou bless my dear father, and comfort him, by making him think of his heavenly home, and remember that when he gets there, he will not have to provide for his large family.'

She was particular to observe her mother's directions respecting neatness and order, folding her clothes with care, and putting a book or toy in its place after it was used. And it troubled her greatly in her sickness to see anything soiled, or out of place.

Her mother found her, young as she was, an assistant in promoting order in the family, but more particularly useful in the happy

influence she exerted over the minds of those around her.

Early in the spring of 1830, Mary had another long and distressing illness, which proved to be an affection of the spine. One Sabbath morning, about the time she was taken sick, when she awoke, she reminded her sisters, as she often did, that it was the Sabbath day, talked with them for some time, and prayed with them. When they entered their mother's chamber, Mrs. L. at once perceived that something had affected them, and as Mary had been weeping, inquired the cause.

Mary answered, 'I can't tell you, mother; Sarah will tell you; I have told her.'

Her sisters being much affected, her mother again said, 'Mary, my dear, tell me what is the matter?'

She replied, 'Oh, mother, I don't wish to live in this wicked world any longer. I want to go to heaven, and be where God is. When I look up to heaven, and think that God is there, and the holy angels are there, and the

blessed Saviour is there, I can't live in this world and be a sinner any longer.'

Her father said, 'My dear Mary, God has made this a beautiful world, and given us every thing pleasant.'

'I know it,' said she, 'but I want to be where God is.'

Her sickness came on gradually, but as long as she could bear it, she desired to be carried down stairs to be present at family worship, and would kneel through the time of prayer, even when others thought her unable to do it.

One morning she called her mother to her bed-side, and said, 'I feel now as if God had given me a new heart.'

'What makes you think so?' said her mother.

'Why, mother, because none but God can take sinful thoughts out of our minds, and none but God can put good thoughts into our minds.'

'How does it make you feel now that you think you have a new heart?'

'It makes me very happy. I love to pray; and when I begin, I want to keep praying all the time. It is easy to pray now. I am very happy.'

She wished every day to have her mother read a chapter in the Bible, and pray with her. These were her most delightful seasons, and she knew not how to have them delayed. One morning her mother was engaged when she asked her to read, and Mary said,

'Well, mother, when I get to my heavenly home, I sha'nt have to wait.'

'No, my sweet Mary,' said her mother, 'then,

"No vain discourse shall fill our tongues,
Nor trifles vex the ear,
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God delight to hear."'

'Yes, mother,' said Mary, 'I long to be there; then we can praise him all the time, and the blessed Saviour will rejoice to hear us too. It makes me feel very happy.'

When she was suffering greatly, she would sometimes say,

'I want to be patient, and bear my pain. The blessed Saviour suffered a great deal more than I do.'

At another time she said, 'Oh mother, lift your thoughts to God for me, that he would ease my pain; but if he does not, I will try to bear it.'

One Sabbath after her sisters returned from meeting, she said to them,

'Do not think that going to meeting and to Sabbath school, and not doing anything else, is keeping the Sabbath day holy. You must talk about what you have heard, and read the Bible, and pray; that will be keeping the day holy. I want you should take my Bible, and go into the other room alone, and read a chapter; then kneel down and pray to God. Let me know that you do it, and God will hear you, if you pray to Him. Perhaps you'll say, How do you know that God will hear? I know that he will, for he has given me a new heart, and I know he will hear *you*, if you pray to him.'

She was so earnest and solemn in her re-

quest, that her sisters wept, and, taking her Bible, did as she had desired.

On another Sabbath day, in the afternoon, she said,

'Mother, the Sabbath is almost gone, and we hav'nt had a meeting. Can we have one now?'

Her mother read the 14th chapter of John, a chapter she loved to hear read often. When the second and third verses were read, —"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also;"— Mary said,

'I know what that means. The blessed Saviour has prepared mansions in heaven for all that love him; that is, a place where we can be with him in heaven. And when it says, The Saviour is coming, that does not mean the day of judgment, does it? but when we die, the Saviour will come for us to

be where he is. Oh how happy it makes me to think that we may be where he is. And I wish poor sinners to know, that if they pray and repent, they too may be where the Saviour is.'

She was very feeble, not able to sit up; but lying on the bed, folded her hands and prayed for herself, for the family, and for her minister. She then prayed that God would put it into the hearts of the neighbors to keep the Sabbath day holy.

'And oh,' she added, 'may parents teach their little children to keep the Sabbath day holy.'

Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop, were members of the Fourth Baptist church in Boston, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Howard Malcom. Mary was tenderly attached to her pastor, and although he was kindly attentive, and visited her often, she repeatedly asked that he might be sent for, because she loved to hear him talk and pray.

She often said, 'I love dear Mr. M., and it makes me feel happy to have him visit me.

I think it is very kind in him to walk so far to see a little girl like me.'

She one day said,

'Mother, will you send for Mr. M.? I have something in my mind I wish to say to him. I want to tell him that I must be baptized, and be one of those good Christians, [meaning members of the church.] Perhaps he will tell me that I must wait till I am as large as you, but I can't wait. I must be baptized now, because I don't think I shall live here much longer, and I wish to do all that God would have me do.'

CHAPTER IV.

One day Mary's brother G. bought her some toys, supposing that she would be highly gratified. They were all placed before her, and she thanked him affectionately, but her mother noticed that she was not as much pleased as had been expected. After her brother left the room, she said,

'Mother, I didn't love to tell brother, because he thought I should be so much pleased, but toys do not seem to me as they used to; they cannot make me happy; I would rather have the money kept and put into the missionary box.'

Mary received many kind attentions from neighbors and friends, and would often pray for those who thus remembered her. One morning she received a present, and immediately inquired, as she often did, if the person who sent it was pious. The mother answered that she did not profess to be.

Mary said, 'Can't you tell me that she *is* pious, dear mother? Then I must pray for her. Will you raise me up, and shut the door?'

She then prayed that God would bless the person, and put it into her heart to love him and repent, that she might go to heaven. She frequently prayed for the same individual, and said,

'I wish I could talk with her, and pray with her. I don't think I should be afraid or ashamed to do so now. The hymn says,

> "Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
> On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
> No; when I blush, be this my shame,
> That I no more revere his name."'

Mary would often express concern for the souls of others, and would entreat different members of the family to seek the Lord; and this interest in serious things did not diminish, as she began to be relieved from disease.

She was much interested for a poor colored man, who was occasionally employed in doing

errands for the family. Whenever she saw him from the window, she appeared to have an anxiety for him, and would speak as if she feared he was not prepared for death. One day, when she was taken out to ride, she saw him, and in the night said,

'Mother, do send for poor Cæsar to come here. God has put something into my mind to say to him.'

Her mother at first supposed she had been dreaming, and said,

'What made you think of him now?'

Mary replied, 'I saw him to-day when I was riding.'

The next time she saw him in the street, she said,

'Mother, there is Cæsar, do call him in, I must talk with him.'

Her mother called him in, not knowing what the dear child wished to say. When he came into the room, Mary thus addressed him;

'Cæsar, do you love God? Do you pray to him?'

The old man appeared confused, as if he knew not what to say.

'If you do not,' continued Mary, 'you must pray a great deal, and then God will let you know whether you are a Christian, or not. Do you read the Bible?'

'I do,' said Cæsar.

M. Have you got one of your own?

C. Yes, I have a Bible.

M. If you hav'nt, I'll give you mine. You know we've all got to be sick and die, and be laid in the grave; but God will raise these bodies again.

'O wonderful!' said the old man, the tears dropping from his aged face.

Mary continued, 'You have got to be sick, and suffer a great deal, and you don't know why you suffer so much here, but in the heavenly world He will let you know. Will you tell me, Cæsar, that you'll love God, and try to serve him?'

'I will, little Mary, I will try to,' said Cæsar.

The child was too much in earnest to stop, and said;

'God has made a glorious, happy world, and has prepared mansions where he is going to take all that love him here below when they die; and oh, God is there, and the blessed Saviour is there, and I have a little sister there; and I want you should be a Christian, so that, when you die, God may take you there to praise him with me in heaven.'

The poor old man wept as he retired, and said,

'Good bye, little Mary, you wont be here with us long—you'll be better off.'

After he went out, she prayed for him.

Next morning, she said to her mother,

'I hav'nt done all that God meant I should for poor Cæsar. I wish, mother, that you would send for him again, that I may pray with him, for if he should hear me pray, God might put a prayer into his heart.'

She discovered so much solicitude, that

her mother requested Cæsar to come in again; but no particular time was appointed, and the next that Mary heard of the poor old man was, that he was in eternity. He died of a short illness, a few days after her conversation with him.

Soon after this, Mrs. L. was obliged to be absent from home one afternoon. As soon as she returned, she inquired how Mary had been.

'Very pleasant,' was the answer.

Hearing that a man had been playing upon an organ in the street, she asked if it amused Mary.

The girl replied that she did not seem to care much about it.

When Mary was alone with her mother, she said,

'Mother, how it makes me feel to see that poor man with the organ, and so many people standing round him; and those little colored boys, they looked so poor and so dirty. I'm afraid they hav'nt any body to take

care of them and tell them about God, and being good. I was going to pray for them, when somebody came in and interrupted me.'

'You can pray for them now,' said her mother.

She then kneeled down, and prayed fervently for the man, the people around him, and the poor little boys, and her heart seemed full of compassion for them.

Being relieved in some degree from this disease, Mary was at length able to go down stairs, and some of her companions came in to visit her. They played about, and Mary, although she was too weak to join in play, was greatly amused to see them, and once or twice laughed very much. Her mother, knowing that she was feeble, feared the excitement might injure her, and gently cautioned her about laughing. After her playmates were gone, Mary went to her mother, and asked if it was sinful to laugh and play. Her mother told her it was not; that she was glad to see her so much pleased with the company

of her little friends; and that she was told not to laugh, only because she was so weak.

Mary burst into tears, and said,

'Mother, I'm afraid I am growing a sinner again.'

While Mary was recovering, an infant of a friend to whom she was much attached, was dangerously ill. Mrs. L. often visited the sick chamber, and when she returned home, Mary would inquire particularly about the sick babe. One evening, Mrs. L. said to her children,

'I fear Mrs. A. will be called to part with her dear child. It is very sick, and we do not think it will live through the night.'

Mary was in bed, but heard her mother say this, and soon after asked if she might get up. She was then so weak, that she needed assistance in leaving the bed, but as soon as she was placed upon the floor, she kneeled down, saying,

'I wish to pray for dear Mrs. A. and her little babe.'

She then said,

'O God, wilt thou bless the dear babe; may she not suffer a great deal, but wilt thou take her to heaven very soon; and wilt thou bless her mother, and may she not be too much grieved because thou art going to take her little child to heaven; and wilt thou bless her father now that he is far away; may he not be too much troubled, but remember that thou wilt soon take him to his heavenly home.'

Mary had anticipated pleasure in being restored to health, in going out, and associating with children of her own age, but she found so much that was sinful mingled with every pleasure, that she was often disappointed and sad.

Her mind appeared to have undergone a great change during her sickness. She had enjoyed being with her mother, reading and praying, and she seemed to be fast ripening for a better world; but she was now grieved by the faults of others, and that so few loved to talk upon that subject which gave her the

greatest happiness. She would sometimes say of different persons, after she had been told that they were pious, 'But they don't seem heavenly.' There was a maturity, as well as spirituality of mind, which was truly surprising. Her feelings, though expressed with all the simplicity of a little child, were like those of an advanced Christian.

Before her sickness, she had been in the habit of singing with her sisters, and saying her prayers with them morning and evening; and she wished, as soon as she was able, to go back to their chamber and be with them again. But, in a day or two, she came to her mother and said,

'If I can have my own Bible and hymn book, and pray in a chamber alone, that will suit me better.'

She once said to her sister, weeping as she spoke,

'You pray too fast; I cannot hear the name of God repeated so. I do not think God will hear such a prayer.'

Frequently when the children were repeat-

ing hymns, she would say, 'Oh do not say that solemn verse so fast.'

Whenever she spoke of God, it was with reverence, and when she mentioned the Saviour's name, she would say the *blessed* Saviour.

In July, 1830, Mary went with her parents to Bridgewater, and on their return home, it rained, and several circumstances occurred to render the ride unpleasant. Mary was much fatigued, and as she was retiring to rest, her mother said,

'My dear, I suppose you will pray after you are in bed, to-night?'

Mary replied, 'I would rather kneel down, and I wish you could stay and pray with me.'

Her mother, although she had many cares pressing upon her at that moment, remained, and found her own mind calmed and stimulated to gratitude, by hearing her child, then not six years old, acknowledge the goodness of God; and, instead of being dissatisfied with what was unpleasant, thank Him for making the high hills, and the pretty flowers,

and that the wind did not blow any harder, and that it did not rain any more.

When Mary was about four years old, she became quite fond of hearing accounts read of missionaries, and wished to join the other children in giving something for those who know nothing of God and a better world. She was taught to pray for them, and to pity them, and as her mind was interested in serious subjects, and she was led to feel for the souls of others, the heathen world excited her attention, and she was found to possess in a high degree what would be called in older persons a missionary spirit. A little box was kept in the family, into which the children dropped a part of the money that was given them; but Mary was not long satisfied with her small share. About a year before her death, she began in earnest to do something for the heathen. When she felt well, she would be very industrious to gain a cent for this cause, and would urge her sisters to make the same exertions to increase their little sum. If she could get permission to

have a small piece of money for her own, she would unperceived drop it into the missionary box.

At one time she found some money in the house, and with much animation said,

'Mother, may I have this for my own, to do what I please with it?'

'Yes,' said her mother, intending to propose to have it spent to purchase some useful little articles for herself. But when it was inquired for, Mary said,

'Oh, I put it into the missionary box; that was what I wanted it for.'

Her mother said, 'I intended to have bought you a new thimble, and some other things with it.'

'I can use my old thimble,' said Mary; 'I would rather give the money to help get Bibles for the poor heathen children.'

She often expressed the wish that more missionaries could go to teach the heathen, because she feared they would die before they were told about the blessed Saviour. At one time when she was sick, her mother

told her that two or three missionaries were in town, and were going to Burmah. Her countenance brightened at once, and she said,

'Now, dear mother, you will send something to the poor heathen children. I can spare some of my clothes, and my books too; and I think I shall pray for them as long as I live.'

She was often heard to pray, that 'the heathen might have houses, and clothes, and a good minister, and schools such as we have, and the Bible;' and always added, 'Wilt thou bless my little brother L., and make him a good missionary.'

In August, 1830, when several missionaries were about sailing for India, Mary was so much interested and talked of it so constantly, that her mother took a carriage, and rode with her to the ship to see them embark. On their return home, Mary said,

'I think the missionaries must be very happy, to go and teach the poor heathen. I am glad so many are going. If God spares

my life, I hope I shall be a missionary lady. I have much in my mind that I could tell the heathen, about the blessed Saviour.'

Not far from this time, being absent from home, she expressed something of this feeling, and a lady said to her, 'But do you know how much missionaries sometimes suffer?' and then told her of Mr. Judson's sufferings, that he had a chain fastened around him, and was carried to prison, and cruelly treated in other ways.

'Oh yes,' said Mary, 'mother has read to me about it; but he was just as near heaven then, as if he had been here.'

Mary had a great respect for all ministers of the gospel, and seemed to feel that they were highly favored, in being allowed to do so much good. She once said to her mother,

'How glad I am that you told me they had nothing else to do, but to serve God, and make people better.'

CHAPTER V.

In October, 1830, Mary's health began to decline again. She appeared cheerful most of the time, but seemed to lose strength daily. She would amuse herself a while, and be interested in her little sewing work, or the children's play, but was soon tired, and nothing like amusement satisfied her mind. One afternoon, when the children were at home from school, and were playing in the room, Mrs. L. saw the tears on Mary's face, and said,

'What is the matter, my dear?'

Mary replied,

'Something solemn came into my mind, and I was going to speak to you, but the children played and laughed, and I couldn't say what I wished to. Can I go into the other room with you?'

Her mother knew that she was very feeble,

and perceiving a sadness and troubled state of feeling, carried her into another room alone. Mary began to weep again, and said,

'Mother, this isn't so pleasant a sickness as the other; I don't feel so happy as I did then. We are not alone as we used to be, and we do not read and pray so much. I wished to come into this chamber for you to pray with me. I feel so sick to-day, that when I try to pray it goes right out of my mind. I shut my eyes, and tried to pray, but the noise of the children made me forget all that I wanted to say.'

'You can pray now,' said her mother, 'but I think you are too weak to kneel.'

Mary said, 'I feel as if I must kneel down.'

But in attempting to kneel, she fell over on the floor.

This was the last time she ever attempted to kneel in prayer.

It appeared that she was losing the use of her limbs, and even before she was confined to the chamber, she had repeatedly fallen on the floor when walking.

Her friends had serious apprehensions that she would never recover. But as her little form was wasting away by disease, her mind seemed to expand, to become purified, and to be preparing rapidly for heaven.

Her mother was convinced that retirement was necessary to her happiness, and that her mind required particular attention. She therefore made an arrangement to be alone with Mary a part of every day. This was very gratifying to the little invalid, and she told her feelings to her mother daily with entire freedom. She would often say,

'Dear mother, I don't feel as happy as I used to. I am afraid I hav'nt a new heart. I think I am growing wicked again. Do pray for me that I may know that I have a new heart, and be happy.'

She was at times much depressed, and would weep while talking about her wicked heart, and her fears that she was not a true Christian. For two or three weeks she was in this state of mind. Her pastor visited her frequently, and had several conversations with

her about the Saviour suffering for the sins of men, and explained the nature of the atoning sacrifice which the Lord Jesus Christ had made. She now saw more clearly than she had done before, that however vile and guilty her soul might be, he could purify and save it, and she was led to give up herself more entirely into his hands. She then became tranquil, and was never afterwards known to express fears with regard to her prospects beyond the grave.

She would sometimes say,

'I think I shall never again fear that I have not a new heart.'

In November she lost the use of her limbs so far, that she could neither sit or stand alone, and was unable to feed herself. She was never heard to regret that she could not walk, excepting in one instance. On thanksgiving day her brothers and sisters were permitted to be in her chamber, and while she was looking at them, and seeing them engaged in play, her mother said,

'Does the noise trouble you, my dear?'

'Oh no, mother,' said she pleasantly, 'I love to see them, and I sometimes wish I could play with them.'

This mild expression pierced the heart of her mother, for she had been looking with tender regret on her helpless little daughter; but, checking her own feelings, she said,

'It does not make you unhappy that you are not able to play with them, does it? You think it is all right?'

'Oh yes, dear mother,' she replied, 'I am not unhappy. I don't think God deals hardly with me, for he knows that I am sick, and he could make me to be as well as the other children.'

She was pleased to see her mother's friends and different members of the family, but the greater part of the time preferred being alone with her mother, and wished her either to read, sing, or pray with her. This evidently soothed and comforted her under her sufferings, which at times were very severe.

She would frequently say, that the blessed

Saviour was near her to comfort her, and at one time in the night when she was very sick, and her mother asked if she was willing she should leave her a while to get some rest, she said,

'Oh yes, mother, you and father will be near me then, but the blessed Saviour is nearer than you.'

At one time when she felt better than usual, she requested that her sisters might come into her chamber, and appeared very happy to see them. After they had talked together a while, she reminded them, as she often did, that they should be grateful for health and for the use of their limbs, and said that she did not expect ever to be well again. She then desired them to come nearer to her and said,

'I've something I wish to say to you. I wish you to remember what that hymn says,

"There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must forever dwell
In darkness, fire and chains."

I don't repeat this because *I* am afraid of going there. I think I shall go to that happy

world. But I wish you to remember that except you repent of all your sins, *you must* go there. You must

> "Love and serve him here below,
> And pray to have your sins forgiven."

If you don't, we can never meet in heaven. And do remember that the same hymn says,

> "There is, beyond the sky,
> A heaven of joy and love,
> And holy children, when they die,
> Go to that world above."

Now do promise me that you will try to meet me there.'

Her mother seeing that she was much exhausted, said,

'My dear Mary, I hope your sisters will remember what you have said to them, and how often you have prayed for them. I would not say anything more now.'

'Dear mother, I have not done yet,' said Mary, 'I must pray myself that God would put it into their minds to remember what I have said.'

She then prayed very earnestly, and for

some time, and was so much engaged that once or twice she raised her hand. This was the last time she was ever seen to move her hand.

One Sabbath towards night she said,

'The Sabbath is almost gone, and I feel as if it had not been kept holy to-day; but I shall not be here long, and when I get to my heavenly home, it will be all Sabbath day.'

She wished to have every one that was able attend meeting, and would often say,

'I wish a minister could be sent for, and some of the neighbors come in, and have a meeting here. I should love to hear them sing and pray.'

One day, when one of her sisters obeyed a command reluctantly, she said to her,

'The hymn says,

> "Let children that would fear the Lord,
> Hear what their teachers say;
> With rev'rence meet their parent's word,
> And with delight obey."

That's what I want; to see you *delight* to obey mother.'

There was a poor sick woman in the neighborhood, for whom Mary had felt much compassion, and in reference to her she once said to her mother,

'I feel as if I hadn't done anything for God, but I wish to do something. And now that I am sick, and not able to go with you to talk to poor sinners, and God knows that I am not able, won't it be the same if I send that poor woman something, and tell you what to say to her?'

Then turning to her sister E. she said,

'Only think how much good you could do if you were a Christian, in talking with poor sinners about the blessed Saviour; and you could go and see that poor woman for me, and carry her something; but oh, how it makes me feel to think that you are not a Christian. This is what the Saviour means we should do for him, to go and see poor people when they are sick, and give them a part of what we have. Will you, dear mother, send that poor woman something,

and tell her it came from me; and I will tell you what to say.'

Then addressing her sister again, she said,

'When I look at you, and see that you can walk, and do as you please, I want you should love and serve the Lord. He has taken away the use of my limbs, but I don't think it hard, for I am happy, and I wish you to serve God while you are well. You must not think that if you pray night and morning God will forgive you, and comfort you when you are sick —oh no, you must love and serve him all the time.'

Mrs. L. was deeply affected by her conversation, and said,

'My dear, I have been thinking how much God loves you, and that you ought to be comforted. He might have dealt with you as he does with many children, taking them away suddenly, with the croup, and then they have no time to think how much the Saviour suffered for them, or to know how much he could comfort them. Perhaps God saw that

your little feet would have gone astray, and he has gently laid them aside.'

'It comforts me, dear mother, to hear you talk so,' interrupted Mary.

'And your little hands,' continued Mrs. L., 'God might have seen that they would do wrong, and he has gently laid them aside too. How good God is to my little Mary.'

'Oh yes, mother,' said Mary, 'I feel happy. Will you repeat the hymn that says, "And be an angel too?"'

Her mother then repeated the verse,

"Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you."

After this, Mary said,

'Now will you sing "'Tis best?"' Her mother then sang the hymn, of which the following is one of the verses.

"'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come;
Where saints and angels, ever blest,
Dwell and enjoy their heavenly home."

CHAPTER VI.

Mary often appeared to be in a holy and delightful frame of mind, and would then spend much of the time in prayer and praise. During such a season, she once thought she should live but a few hours, and requested that her sisters might be called, adding,

'Oh how much I wish they would become pious.'

After they had come into the room, she said to them,

'Dear sisters, I feel very weak; I can't talk much; but I do want you to love the blessed Saviour. Perhaps you think it is hard to love God, but it isn't; it is very easy.

"'Tis easy work, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
But sinners that grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes."

'And the blessed Saviour says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for my

yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Do promise me that you will pray God to give you a new heart, and then oh how easy, how pleasant it will be to pray. I used to think it was very hard, and that God never would give me a new heart, but he will—he *will* hear you; for he says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."'

Seeing her sisters weep, she said,

'The blessed Saviour says,

"To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away."

'Dear sisters, if you are Christians, when you get to heaven, he will wipe all your tears away.'

Mrs. Lothrop was too much moved to conceal her feelings, and when Mary perceived that her mother was also weeping, she turned to her, and said,

'Dear mother, he will wipe away *your* tears too; for he says,

"His own soft hand shall wipe the tears,
From every weeping eye,
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die."

'Don't weep for me, dear mother, when I am gone to heaven, for then I shall be happy, then I shall praise God as I want to.'

She kissed her sisters before they left her, and bidding them 'good night,' said,

'Perhaps you will not find me here in the morning, I may be gone to my heavenly home.'

She was so much exhausted by the effort of talking to her sisters, that it was feared she would not survive the night. But many wearisome, suffering days were appointed her, and many similar scenes were witnessed. She often had spasms, and it seemed that she must die instantly; then again she would be so much oppressed for breath, that death appeared inevitable. And after these hours of suffering she would revive, her countenance would become animated, and with a sweet smile, like the smile of health, she

would greet a friend, and appear to participate in all the pleasures of those around her.

When the Memoir of Nathan Dickerman was published, it was read to her, in part, and she was much interested in it. As different conversations were read, she would say, 'I feel just so.' And at one time she said,

'Well, little Nathan is safe in heaven, and I think I shall soon be there.'

The children read the Memoir of Nathan in the family, and one of them was heard to say, 'This seems like Mary: she talks just so, and has always talked so.'

On a Sabbath in November, Mary had a suffering day, and it was thought doubtful whether she would live through it. In the evening her mother left the room, and when she returned was surprised to find Mary raised up in bed, and listening while her father read some passages in the Memoirs of the late Pliny Fisk, missionary to Palestine.

'Oh,' said she, 'how happy it makes me to think that he was such a good minister and missionary.'

Soon after this, she had a turn of severe distress, and as she revived she said,

'Oh mother, I've come back again.'

'Why, my dear,' said her mother, 'did you think you were dying?'

'I thought my breath was going to stop,' said Mary, 'and that God would take me right home to heaven. But he's sent me back to life again, and perhaps I shall have to suffer a great deal more. I am happy that he knows. I don't wish to think much about dying, or about getting well. I want God to do just as he pleases. I know I can suffer a great deal more, but I never can suffer as much as the blessed Saviour did for me. He can comfort me; he does comfort me; I feel very happy. Dear mother, I wish you would help me praise God. Will you sing some heavenly hymn? I want to praise—oh I want to praise him.'

Mrs. L. then sang a hymn, of which a few verses are quoted on account of the remarks to which they gave rise.

"Oh happy souls, how fast you go,
And leave me here behind:
Don't stop for me, for now I see
The Lord is just and kind.

And when you get to worlds above,
And all their glory see,
When you get home, your work all done,
Then look you out for me."

'Yes, sweet mother,' interrupted little Mary, 'when I get to my heavenly home, then I shall look out for you; how I shall want to see you.'

"Then all together we shall be,
Together we shall sing,
Together we shall praise our God
And everlasting King."

Here she again interrupted—

'Oh yes, mother, how happy it makes me. There *all together*—all this family will praise God. Oh, how happy we shall be! I *am* willing to suffer as much as God sees best, for it will be but a little while.'

After a few minutes she said,

'All the good Christians that come to this house will praise God in heaven too. I wish you would sing it again, mother.'

The word '*all*' seemed to fill her mind with rapture, and she said,

'All the poor sinners—oh how I want Christians to pray for them, that *they* may love the Saviour. How happy that verse makes me, to think that *all* who love God will praise him together in heaven.'

The greatest alleviation that could be afforded to Mary under her daily sufferings was to sing hymns, or to read suitable passages of Scripture, or such parts of serious books as she could understand. It might have appeared to an inattentive observer, that her frequent requests for reading or singing arose from habit, and that the *sound* lulled her to rest. But this was far from being the case. She was an attentive listener, and had a very quick and decided choice of what should be read or sung. Her selection was often surprising to those around her. Many spiritual hymns never tired, though sung from day to day, and she would often express her feelings and wishes in the language of some familiar verse. But many other books (and as

she was sick for so long a time, a great variety was brought her) she never wished to hear read a second time. Her remarks upon what she heard, showed plainly how entirely she was interested.

One day as her mother was singing a favorite hymn—

"Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing,
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see."—

Mary interrupted her mother, saying,

'Dear mother, that hymn is very sweet to me.

"We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;"—

that means, that they, too, were sick, and suffered a great deal, and when they were dying suffered a great deal, and this is the way that God takes his children to heaven. I do feel willing to suffer, and I shall try to be very patient.'

CHAPTER VII.

The months of December and January were exceedingly trying to Mary. She was entirely helpless, and could only turn her head upon her pillow. Her disease was beyond the control of the most skillful physicians. Much was done to relieve her from pain for the time, but it seemed certain she could not recover. Her attending physician, Dr. Bigelow, often said, that it would not be surprising if she should die at any hour, and still that she might live and suffer many weeks.

When relieved from distress, she was happy to see her mother's pious friends, but her difficulty of breathing was so great, that much of the time it distressed her to have any person near her, except some familiar friend who knew her feelings, and whom she could ask to leave her at any time. She soon perceived a change of air when

two or three persons were in the room, and would often request that the doors might be opened, so that she could have fresh air. She would sometimes say,

'Oh that I could have one long breath. Do open the window, perhaps I can breathe better.'

She could not be moved without great suffering, and would often lie for hours in the same position, dreading any change. A part of the time she lay in spasms, her mind insensible.

Thus passed the tedious days with Mary, month after month. The sun would rise and finish his appointed hours, and set, but she gained no relief. Day and night found her the same little sufferer. Her mind, however, was at ease. She did not wish to recover, and had no fear of death, but would comfort herself with thoughts of heaven, and waited to be released from earth. The following hymn, altered to suit her case, was often read or sung to her. It was soothing to her feel-

ings, and she would speak of the different verses with much animation.

"I see the pleasant bed,
Where lies the dying saint;
Though in the icy arms of death,
She utters no complaint.

Her aspect is serene,
She smiles in joyful hope;
She knows that arm on which she rests
Is an unfailing prop.

She lifts her eyes above
To her Almighty Friend,
Whose power from every fear secures,
And guards her to the end.

She knows her Saviour died,
And from the dead arose;
She looks for victory o'er the grave,
And death, the last of foes."

'Yes, dear mother,' she would say, 'I *know* the Saviour died, I *know* he did. When I have these distressed turns, I feel as if I could not breathe again, and I think this will be *my* dying bed, and, mother, it is very pleasant, because I am so near heaven. And if God should see best that I should suffer a great deal when I come to die, I hope I shall

be patient, and utter no complaint, for it will soon be over, and then I shall be with the Saviour.'

She very often prayed for patience to suffer all that God saw best for her, and when friends were about to implore the blessing of the Lord, and asked what they should pray for, she would say, 'that I may be patient.'

When greatly oppressed for breath, she would ask to hear some heavenly hymn, to make her more patient, and would sometimes say, 'Sing

"Patience, oh what a grace divine!"'

She often wished to hear the following hymn;

"Dear Lord, though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up:—
That cannot hurt, which comes from thee."

These and similar hymns were opiates for little Mary.

Many times in a day she would say,

'Do sing some heavenly hymn to comfort me. Tell me about the sufferings of

the Saviour, then I can bear this pain better.'

The following was among her favorite hymns;

"Dear friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;
Pardon a child that would draw near,
That would her heart to thee resign;
A child by self and sin opprest,
That pants to reach the promised rest.

Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee.
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust in thee the promised rest."

She appeared constantly to feel that the great object of life was to prepare for heaven, and whenever she felt able, would exhort those around her to love the Saviour, that they at last might reach that glorious world.

One day a little girl, who lived in the family, being left in the room alone with her, Mary said,

'How should you like to have your sister lose the use of her limbs, and be sick, and suffer as much pain as I do?'

The little girl replied, 'It would make me feel very bad.'

'It is God,' said Mary, 'who gives her the use of her limbs, and you must tell her to pray to him, or she will go to that wicked world. And you must love God, and read the Bible. I want you to read it through while you live here, and then perhaps you will become pious, and be prepared for heaven. And when I am dead, I hope you will mind father and mother, and try to please my dear mother, and be a comfort to her.'

About the first of January, Mrs. L. received a note from a friend with a new year's present for each of the children, excepting Mary; the lady supposing either that she might not be living, or that she was too feeble to be interested in anything of the kind. The parcel was brought to Mrs. L. while sitting by Mary's side, and was opened before her. She looked at every article, and asked what there was for her. Her mother answered,

'There is nothing for you, my dear, Mrs.

H. would have sent you something, for she loves you, but she thought you were too sick to enjoy any such thing.'

'Well,' said Mary, 'she prays for me, and that is more to me now than a new year's present would be.'

The affectionate disposition which she manifested through her sickness, was truly delightful. The tender and grateful love she constantly expressed for her mother, will never be forgotten by those who spent much time with her.

'Dear mother, sweet mother,' she would say, 'I don't wish you to sit up with me to-night. You can lie down, and turn the setteecradle so that I can see you. I love to look at you, for you look as if you wanted to relieve me.'

Through the first months of Mary's illness she was uniformly calm and patient; but her long and painful disease and her entire helplessness at length caused her sometimes to speak quick and impatiently; but afterwards

she would be grieved, and would say, 'I have not had a happy day.'

One morning she said to her mother,

'I have been praying, and I don't think I shall speak impatiently any more. I have not prayed enough lately, but I think when I am well enough to eat, I can pray.'

About the last of January, an aged lady died in the neighborhood. At the hour for the funeral, Mary wished to be carried to the window to see the procession. Her mother had some fears lest her own feelings might be excited, and Mary receive some unfavorable impression. She however gratified her child, who looked silently on the scene before her. She seemed particularly desirous of seeing the coffin, and watched till all had passed away. At length, she said,

'That don't make me feel unpleasant, dear mother.'

'I am glad it does not,' said her mother.

'How happy she must be,' said Mary, 'how easy and how safe in the arms of the Saviour; I wish I was there.'

CHAPTER VIII.

About the first of February, 1831, Mary's disease appeared to be coming rapidly to a crisis, and from this time it was almost daily expected that she would die. Her distress for breath was greater than it ever had been, and for one or two days she was thought to be dying the greater part of the time. Her life was, however, strangely protracted six weeks longer. Death was spoken of with the same familiarity that a visit would have been, and she was even congratulated by some of her friends as being near her home. Whenever she was at all relieved, some friend would read short passages of Scripture, or from some other book, and would converse with her, to console and sustain her spirits. Extracts from the Memoirs of Dr. Payson seemed particularly applicable to her case, and she was often comforted by them.

Mrs. A. once read to her the following passage.

"It seemed this afternoon as if Christ said to me, 'You have often wondered and been impatient at the way by which I have led you; but what do you think of it now?'"

She then paused and said,

'I suppose, my dear Mary, you often wonder that you are sick so long, and suffer so much pain, don't you?'

Mary was at this time laboring for breath, and could speak only short words, and those with difficulty; but with a mild, submissive look she answered,

'No.'

The dear child appeared at this time to be almost suffocated. She had lain nearly four months without being able to move a finger, with no prospect of relief, except in death; and still did not wonder at the way in which she was led. There could be no deception, for it was evident from the question, and from the manner in which it was proposed, that a different answer was expected;

and what was more, a child would naturally wish to think and feel like such a holy man as Dr. Payson.

But 'No' was the reply of little Mary, and the answer was doubtless given in child like sincerity.

Mrs. A. then read another sentence, in which Dr. Payson says,

'And now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life before.'

She then asked Mary if she could say the same.

'Yes,' was now her answer.

'What,' said Mrs. A., 'happier than you used to be when well, and playing with your companions?'

'Yes, yes,' was her reply.

A friend, whom Mary loved tenderly, and who spent many hours by her side, has communicated the following facts respecting her.

"It was to me an interesting fact, that I never could induce little Mary in her most severe sufferings to say she was desirous of being

well again; even when presenting the strongest attraction earth could afford—to enjoy the society of her beloved mother.

"'I had rather go to heaven,' was always her reply, assigning as a reason, 'This is not such a glorious, happy world as heaven.'

"Another fact that surprised me, was her entire fearlesness of death. Not one lingering fear could I ever discover. In reading to her Watts's hymns on death and heaven, which she heard with untiring delight, I, at first, omitted those verses which spoke of death and the grave; but I found this was unnecessary. She did not, as she said in reply to my question, 'Shiver on the brink, and fear to launch away.'

"At one time on Monday when I visited her, I spoke of the Sabbath school; said that I told the scholars of her, and how the Saviour comforted her. She said,

"'I wish I could talk with them; I am not able to talk with them, but I *can* pray for them.'"

On a Sabbath in February, an excessively

cold day, Mary was so much oppressed for breath that the window was opened, and her settee-cradle removed near it. Being a little revived, she said,

'Dear mother, come sit by me, and sing some hymn to comfort me. I think I am near heaven. Oh how I want my brothers and sisters to love and serve God. Dear mother, will you *see* that they read the Bible, and that they pray every day? Perhaps they'll tell you, Yes, mother, I do read and pray; but I want you to *see* that they do. I want all this neighborhood to be holy. Will you try to make them holy when I am gone?'

She was obliged to make a great effort to speak, but appeared to feel that she *must* speak.

The last few weeks of her life she was so emaciated, and her nervous system so susceptible, that it was exceedingly trying to her when strangers attempted to do anything for her comfort. Different members of the family therefore attended her at night, and this was found to be a relief to her.

At one time, when her brother G. watched with her, she said,

'I will see how long I can do without mother, so that she can get some rest.'

Soon after, she said,

'I am afraid a distressed turn is coming on, but I know how much laudanum they give me, and if you can drop it, I will take it without waking mother.'

When her mother rose, she gave her some coffee.

'It is God who gives coffee its pleasant taste,' said Mary, 'man could not do it. Oh how good God is, to give us so many things to make us happy here.'

She then enumerated many things, which were particularly pleasant to her, such as oranges, lemons, and figs, and said,

'We could not make them grow. This is all the work of God.'

This train of thought was interrupted by seeing some wood laid upon the fire.

'God makes the wood grow, too,' said she. 'Wood is prepared from trees. Oh how good

God is. I remember when I rode out last summer, how beautifully the hills and the trees looked. How many there were, and how pleasant it seemed. And the sweet little flowers that he made to grow out of the ground, we read in the Bible that all these things are the work of God, and my parents have told me so too. If ever so many men should tell me He did not, I should never believe them.'

'For the same reason,' said her mother, 'you believe there is a heavenly world, where God and angels dwell, and to which the blessed Saviour is taking all that love him.'

Looking up sweetly, she said,

'Oh yes, mother.'

After remaining silent for some time, she wished to be raised up to kiss her mother, which she could seldom do, on account of the difficulty in her breathing.

'Mother,' said she, 'there is something in my mind I wish to tell you; it is about the heavenly world. I have had a happy night.

I couldn't sleep. I have been thinking about heaven. Mother, heaven looks to me like beautiful high hills, where the angels go and come. I don't mean that I see it—I don't know how to tell you—but it makes me feel very happy. I think God will soon send his angels to take me there.'

After her brother left the room, Mary said,

'Brother G. has taken good care of me to-night; he has moved my pillow softly, and rocked me so easy. I think he feels something I have said to him, and I do believe God will hear my prayer for him. Don't you think he will, if I pray very earnestly? I *must* have his name written in the Lamb's book of life.'

'Dear mother,' she soon after said, 'will you sing me some hymn about heaven?'

Her mother then sang,

"Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we love this twilight so,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?

There shall we see him face to face;
There we shall know the great unknown;
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,
Shines in full light around the throne."

'How sweet that is,' said Mary; 'tis where I long to be.'

Then she repeated,

'"Bless'd Jesus, meet me on the road,
First born of the eternal God,
Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
And place me near my Father's throne."

'The blessed Saviour does meet all that love him on the road,' she added, 'doesn't he?'

CHAPTER IX.

Often as the writer entered the house, the last six weeks of Mary's life, she has thought, Is the spirit of the little sufferer still imprisoned in its diseased casement of clay, or has it winged its way to realms of happiness and light? The door of her room I usually found open, and not unfrequently the window, even when the weather was extremely cold, that she might breathe more freely. Still it did not seem like the chamber of death; for often her mother was singing in a low and soothing voice, and Mary, when she could not speak, would welcome me with the sweetest smile. Day after day I found her much the same, still comforted and sustained by the promises of the Saviour, and borne above her sorrows by the bright hope of heaven.

More than once have I been reproved,

when engaging with Mrs. L. in conversation that did not suit the spiritual state of Mary's mind, she would look wearied, and would gently say,

'Will you read some hymn about the Saviour?'

It was evident she could not bear worldly conversation, and wished to turn the thoughts of all present from earth to heaven. Reading or singing was almost the constant employment of a familiar visitor, and it was owing to this fact that she so often repeated a verse to express what she wished to say to others. She would almost daily ask for the hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Other refuge have I none—
Helpless hangs my soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!"

Seeing an older sister do something which was not entirely right, she said,

'Oh sister, when shall I see you all that mother wishes you to be? It will break my heart to die and leave you a sinner. How can you appear happy, and know that you do not love God? Who has taken care of you all your life, and given you food and clothes and all that you have had? Perhaps you will say it is father and mother; but it is God, who has been looking down from heaven and has taken care of you, and what have you done for him? You know that if you should say you love God, and do not keep his commandments, you are a liar, and the truth is not in you. *I* do not say it, sister, but the *Bible* says it. You must tell me that you do not love God. I know it will be hard, but I wish you to tell me so.'

Her sister remained silent. Mrs. L. said,

'My dear, you must answer Mary; she does this for your good.'

After the reply, Mary continued,

'That is because you don't keep his commands. Do begin, then you will love him, and it will be easy for you to obey. I can die happy, if you have a new heart, and you will then be a comfort to our mother.'

Her brother, a member of College, now entered the room, and the conversation was interrupted. She had often expressed concern for this brother, and had said to her mother that she wished to talk with him; but as he was so much older than herself, and absent from home a great part of the time, she seemed to feel a diffidence in talking with him as she did with others. Her mother knowing that her life was uncertain, and that she was seldom able to converse, said,

'Now, my dear, you have an opportunity of talking with your brother E.'

She looked up at him, and in an affectionate tone said,

'Dear brother, I want you to become pious, and love and serve God all your life. Who has been taking care of you so many years, and when you were sick? It was God who raised you from your long sickness, and now I wish you to think of him, and serve him. Will you promise me that you will never give up till God lets you know that you are a Christian?'

Here she waited for an answer.

'If you will, you must begin to pray in earnest, and pray as many times a day as David did. He prayed seven times a day. And you must read the Bible very often.'

Her mother then said,

'Mary, you know you are near your heavenly home, and your brother is going away very soon; will you now decide who shall have your little Bible? Do just as you please, my dear.'

Her brother had at some time expressed the wish, that she would give him her Bible, when she could use it no longer.

She closed her eyes, and, after lying a few moments apparently in deep thought, said,

'I wish my Bible to be given to that one who will first seek the Lord, and that will read it most and pray the most. I don't care which has it, whether it is the oldest or the youngest.'

All were silent with surprise, when their mother said,

'My dear children, you must now decide, I can do nothing about it.'

A day or two after this, she said to her sisters,

'I have but a little while to be here, now do let me know that you will seek the Lord. Is not one of you coming for my Bible? And I do not wish you to think that but one can have it. There are more Bibles than one like mine. Dear mother, will you promise that when I am gone to heaven, if they will be in earnest to become Christians, and will tell you so, that you will buy them Bibles like mine? And I wish their names and mine to be written in them.'

A few days before her death, after she had been lying silent for some time, she roused as if from sleep, and said,

'Mother, I have been thinking about brother E. now that he has gone away, and I wish you would write to him and tell him, that I shall not see him again, but he must not live a sinner. He must read the Bible, and pray every day; and I wish he would send me word if he is going to set out in earnest to do it, and then I shall die happy. Tell him God will let me know when I get to heaven, if he becomes a Christian. And, mother, I wish you would take my Bible and send it to Providence to brother, and put an old one with it, and tell him that after he has read the old Bible through, he may call my Bible his own.'

Within the last week of her life, she said,

'These sufferings are very great, but I think they are my last. It makes me feel some unpleasant, dear mother, to leave you, but I want you to get ready to come to heaven soon. Do you remember the Sabbath day when

my settee was by the window, what you promised me you would do?'

'Yes, my dear Mary, I remember.'

'Will you do it,' said Mary, 'will you try to make this neighborhood holy, that they all may become pious?'

One evening, after much sympathy had been expressed for her, she said,

'I don't like to have people call me a suffering lamb, and say, how much you suffer. I would rather they would call me a sinner. I don't mean that I wish them to call me so, but I would rather they would talk about my being a sinner, and tell me of the sufferings of the Saviour: that makes me forget how much I suffer.'

At one time, after a day of stupor, she said,

'What time is it, dear mother, have you dined?'

'Oh yes,' said her mother, 'some time since, it is almost night.'

'Will you raise the curtains?' said Mary; 'there have been no good Christians here to-day; it has not been a happy day to me;'

and added, as her mother raised the curtains to admit the light, 'but in heaven it will always be

"Sacred, high, eternal noon."'

She referred to her favorite Sabbath hymn, beginning with the line,

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,"

which contains those words.

On Sabbath day, March 13th, the last Sabbath Mary spent on earth, she was very ill, and it seemed that she could live but a short time. In the afternoon, after many hours of severe suffering, she revived, and it was noticed that she looked towards the window very intently. Her countenance beamed with animation, and at length she said,

'Mother, something has come into my mind that makes me very happy. When I was looking out of the window, I felt as if I wanted to rush through, and go up to heaven as quick as you would rush from a hot fire to a cool room.'

In the evening of the same day she had a violent spasm; as she recovered from it she said,

'Oh that this might be the last.'

Her mother said,

'My dear Mary, this is perhaps to purify you, and prepare you for heaven.'

It was with great difficulty Mary could speak, but she was understood to say,

'I think I am prepared.'

Her mother said,

'Do you feel happy?'

'Yes, very happy,' she replied.

She was at the time in great distress, apparently dying.

Mrs. A. stood by, fanning her constantly, and seeing that her eyes were strangely altered, said,

'Can you see, dear Mary?'

'No,' she replied, and added, 'oh, I am going.'

She however recovered from this spasm, and as soon as she could speak she asked that

a lady who had been present might pray with her. Being told that the lady had gone home Mary said,

'Some one *must* pray; oh *do* pray for me.'

Her sufferings were very great, and it seemed impossible that she could survive the night.

She several times repeated, 'I am going—I am near heaven—I shall soon be there.'

At one time she said, 'Dear mother, these are some of my worst spasms; I hope they are the last.'

Her mother said,

'Don't be disappointed, my dear, if it is not so. God may yet spare you to suffer a great deal more. Do you think you should be willing?'

The little sufferer replied,

'Yes, mother, if it is to make me more holy, and all that see me more holy, I shall be willing.'

She then desired again that some one would pray.

Her mother prayed with her, and it seemed to soothe and comfort her. Mrs. L. then sang one of Mary's favorite hymns.

"I cannot bear thine absence, Lord;
My life expires, if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time
And hope and wait for heaven a while.

Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death."

The few remaining days of Mary's life were spent much as the previous had been, though perhaps her sufferings were increased by greater difficulty in breathing. Reading, singing, and prayer were cheering to her whenever she was able to listen.

An account of the last evening and night of her life is given in the words of a beloved

friend of the family, who was present when Mary ceased to breathe.

"During the protracted sickness of the little sufferer, who is the subject of this Memoir, I had the privilege of spending much time in her chamber, and hearing from her own lips some of her heavenly expressions; but owing to the pressing cares of my own family, I neglected to note down her interesting remarks, although I fully intended to do so when with her. The dying scene, however, is very vividly impressed upon my mind.

"When I entered the chamber, which to me had become a most interesting spot, about three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, she appeared in dying agony, and we soon thought that her sufferings had ceased. We knelt by her, and tried to commend her departing spirit to God; but she revived, and her distress continued great until about eight o'clock, when it so much increased, that it was truly heart-rending to witness it, and hear her with childlike simplicity utter such expressions as these :—

"'Oh that I could have one breath.' 'Oh that I could cough.'

"'My sweet Mary,' said her mother, 'this is the way that good Dr. Payson went to heaven.'

"'Oh yes, dear mother, I will try to be patient—rock a little faster—give me more air—it will soon be over—it will soon be over.'

"About ten o'clock she said with the most impressive earnestness, 'Mrs. H., come, kneel down by me, and pray to God—*pray earnest,—speak loud.*'

"After I began she repeated, '*earnest—earnest*—O God, do relieve me.'

"As I proceeded, I perceived that she grew easier, and I continued much longer than I otherwise should have done. When I closed, she said, with an emphasis I shall never forget,

"'You have been a great comfort to me, dear Mrs. H. *You have been a great comfort to me.* God has heard your prayer and relieved me a little.'

"She soon after desired her mother to

wipe the phlegm from her mouth, which had almost stopped her breath, and which she had been entirely unable to raise before. She immediately said, evidently with a desire that they might pray with her,

"'I wish Mrs. O'B. was here—do send for Mrs. A.'

"Mr. and Mrs. A. were sent for, and soon came in. Mr. A. prayed with her, and she then desired them to sing,

"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c.

"But it soon appeared that as the number in the room became greater, her distress for breath increased, and she said, with that admirable sincerity I have witnessed in older persons near to death, after replying to her mother that it had been a comfort to her,

"'But now you may go—you may go now.'

"She appeared rather easier, and slept until half past one o'clock; then her distress increasing, she seemed soothed and comforted, as she had always been during her sick-

ness, by reading her favorite portions of Scripture, and singing hymns. She mentioned particular hymns, and requested to hear about the sufferings of the Saviour, and once or twice said, 'Sing of heaven.'

"At four o'clock she again requested that I would pray with her. When I had closed, she said,

"'Pray again—pray all the time.'

"Not long after this she said,

"'Mother, come to me—come now—sit close to me—call father—call him quick.'

"From her earnest and affectionate manner it was evident she thought the hour of separation was near.

"Her distress was too great for her to converse, but as we sat silently watching her we could hear her faintly whisper,

"'Dear Ma'—sweet Ma'—sweet Ma''—till the sound died away upon her lips.

"She continued to breathe till after eight o'clock on Friday morning, March 18th, when her happy spirit took its upward flight to that Saviour she had so much loved and honored;

and I could respond to the words of a minister, the Rev. Dr. C., who soon after entered the room—'Happy mother! happy mother! I cannot weep, I rejoice with you.'"

The funeral of little Mary was attended on the following Sabbath by her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Malcom, and her earthly remains now rest in the burying-ground at the north end of the city, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. Her age was six years and a little more than three months; and her life is an affecting illustration of the passage, "Out of the mouth of *babes*—thou hast perfected praise."

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